

The Deadly Wooden Car

ANOTHER fearful "accident" due to the wooden car. Six deaths, with serious injuries to 16 more, resulted from the crashing of a train on the New Haven road into the rear end of another train. The collision took place at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The president of the road blames the engineer of the second train, and the engineer says the signal set against him was only 300 feet from the standing train, and the airbrakes failed to stop the train in time. The railroad officials say he had 3900 feet in which to stop if he had been watching signals.

The second train smashed into the rear car of the first train which was standing. That car was a pullman chair car or parlor car, made of wood, with 25 persons aboard. The locomotive dived like a wedge. The roof rose, the sides flew apart. The locomotive crashed into the interior of the car, crushing and jamming its occupants, until clear back to the engineer's cab it was buried in the wreck of the parlor car. Most of the killed and hurt were in that pullman. Neither the engineer nor fireman of the train that did the wrecking was scratched, although they stuck to the finish.

The day of the wooden passenger car, or ought to be, past forever. The wooden cars have been tolerated 20 years too long already. There never has been a time when the congress of the United States might not have inaugurated a policy of gradual replacement, which would not have burdened the roads and which would have resulted in saving hundreds of human lives.

Any first-class and solvent road which continues wooden cars in passenger service is showing a criminal disregard of the safety of patrons.

A correspondent writes to ask the address of "governor Seltzer." Try any soda fountain.

Alfalfa is making the El Paso farmers a good profit on their money, but wait until we begin raising fruits and garden truck here in quantities, then watch the bank accounts grow.

Americans Modify Great-British Game

NOW IT'S POLO back east. The international match has revived interest greatly. Polo is not a game for rich men only. It is everybody's game who can ride a horse and look out for himself in a tight place. It would seem as if polo would be the most popular game in the west, where everybody rides, and where all the cow ponies are of the very sort to be trained to polo most easily. The United States adopted polo from England, and England first had it from India. But the American players have made so many important improvements on the game that England has conformed her rules to ours. The American game is more open than the English—a direct contrast to the situation in football between the American game and Rugby.

In England, polo is chiefly an army game, but in this country it has been developed by civilians. The army is taking it up but slowly.

Even a "sworn statement" of circulation is not enough—every advertiser should learn how to investigate a newspaper's circulation in detail so as to make sure exactly what he is buying. Two many advertisers buy advertising space on faith. That won't do. The advertiser ought to know. He has a right to know as much as the publisher himself knows, about the circulation of any newspaper with which he does business. If the business office or the advertising manager or solicitor refuses definite and detailed information, put it down at once that you are talking to a crook who is working for a cheat. No man of honor would work for a concern that forced him to lie to get business.

Courtney is still coach for the Cornell crew. He was one of the heroes of the men of today when they were boys.

As long as we cannot have a fair of our own, the next best advertisement for El Paso will be the big automobile road race to the Arizona state fair this fall.

Model Schoolhouses By Mail

A MODEL schoolhouse, of one, two, or four rooms will be sent by parcel post to any rural school official asking the United States bureau of education for one. The model is made of pasteboard, and any carpenter can erect a schoolhouse from this model without further instructions. The schoolhouse has all modern improvements, including up-to-date sanitary equipment.

It is expected that the new service will be of great benefit to rural communities desiring to have the very best but not knowing how to go about making plans, or not having the money to employ architects.

Lord Rosebery said: "After a short tenure of high office, the holder almost invariably thinks himself admirably fitted for it."

A law, rigidly enforced, requiring every household to provide a hand chemical fire extinguisher in his home, would be a mighty good thing, saving life and property, reducing fire loss, and reducing cost of fire departments.

Traction engines have cut the asphalt all to pieces in front of a local hardware warehouse. The city should without delay enact an ordinance preventing these machines from traversing the paved streets. Their sharp ribs on the broad treads of the wheels cut the asphalt pavements like the ax and pick. The damage done in the instance referred to will be almost impossible to repair, but it will seriously shorten the life of the pavement.

More Sound Optimism

J. J. HILL has given the world another luminous phrase that will live long after J. J. is dead. Says the veteran railroader: "The man who sells the United States short is going to suffer for it."
He points out that the United States will derive \$10,000,000,000 of new wealth out of the ground this year, a sum that exceeds the world's gold production for ten years.

"Keep a clear head and avoid getting rattled," is his advice.

Mayor Gayner says the men who criticize him have neither length, breadth, nor thickness. He doesn't see why he should be afraid of a mathematical point. But in a city which spends \$150,000,000 a year, even mathematical points are of some importance to taxpayers.

Illinois has granted women the privilege of suffrage, by vote of the legislature. That makes ten, with 28 to go.

One-Sentence Philosophy

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Attribution Globe.)
How a convicted man must hate law-
yers.
A campaign issue usually gets over it
shortly after election.
No boy evangelist can convince us
he knows much about sin.
A poor and downtrodden citizen feels
he would enjoy worrying over the in-
come tax.
Doubtless the editor who tells the
farmers how to care for their valuable
implements neglects to cover his typew-
riter.
Doc Robinson: "Say what you will
of this poor creature, me, but I have
never referred to myself as a war-
horse."
An Adkins says he can't see why his
hired girl quit, as they always treated
her as one of the family. That may be
the answer.
Buckwheat cakes are said to be go-
ing out of fashion, and it is our dys-
peptic deduction that the world is im-
proving in other respects.
A man is handicapped by having to
devote considerable time to his whis-
kers, either in combing them or shav-
ing them as he should. But, on the
other end of his head, he hasn't a
round hair of hair to arrange artistically.
Equally is the order of the day.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)
It's easy to bear the ills we haven't.
Clayton to the good and use a clever
on the bad.
You can't play truant in the school of
experience.
Bachelor girls are spinsters who are
unwilling to admit it.
The average married woman has a
lifelong job without wages.
Anyway, a woman would rather have
cold feet than large ones.
It is easier to deceive a girl than it is
to fool her father's building.
It takes a horn diplomat to appear
interested in other people's troubles.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)
Poverty is no disgrace, but wealth
can't always pay as much.
Even when a man has a pull he some-
times has to be pushed.
It doesn't do much good to offer a
reward for lost opportunities.
It sometimes requires a buoyant na-
ture to keep up appearances.
It is never too late to mend, but it's
just as well if you don't have to.
When a man jumps at conclusions he
loses a round hair of hair.
Hoax: "I wonder who a genius al-
ways wears long hair." Joas: "Give
it to the baldheaded man who
comes out on top."

The Successor

A Short Story.

I DON'T understand what you have against him, John.

John Sanders turned towards his wife and said anxiously:

"I have told you at least a hundred times, Margaret, that I do not want a fool as my son-in-law."

Mrs. Sanders was about to give an angry reply, but she controlled herself.

"But tell me, John, are you quite sure that Bent is as impossible as you say," she asked gently. "I think he is one of the most pleasant and the most useful young fellows I ever met."

Halvor shrugged his shoulders.

"I have heard a lot about the infallibility of women," he said. "That fellow did not even have the courage to answer me when I surprised him sitting with Olga yesterday. He just stammered something and looked at me like a sheep. The man is a fool. But he is able to fill just as good a position as you could wish for."

"I will remind you that I was with Olga even then, and he is merely working for Hanson & Co., a firm of no standing."

"Well, I believe in Bent anyway, and no matter what you say, Olga intends to marry him as soon as he is promoted."

"Promoted! She will have to wait for a long time in that case. At any rate, I insist that Bent Birk is no husband for my daughter, and she won't get a penny from me."

He went out slamming the door behind him. Soon afterwards Olga came into the parlor where her mother was sitting alone.

"I have important news, mother," she said. "Bent has just told me that Mr. Boland died an hour ago from heart failure."

Mrs. Sanders turned quite pale with excitement.

"Mr. Boland dead!" she exclaimed. "I suppose you know what that means to your father."

"Mr. Boland and Olga were never very friendly," said Olga. "But I suppose that even so father will now be promoted to his position as general manager of the road."

"Why, of course," her mother exclaimed. "The firm could not do otherwise after his many years of faithful service. But how did Bent hear about it?"

"He had just met George Ottel," she said. "He said his second son."

"Yes and his favorite too. He and Bent are great chums and he says it is all over Bent's mind that he has passed into his examination at the Polytechnic college. So you see Bent is not such a fool as father thinks."

"I know he is not, but he seems to lose his wits entirely, whenever father is near."

"He says the presence of father confuses him somehow and makes him awkward and self-conscious because he knows father knows him all the time."

"Well let us go down and tell father the news, it will please him."

John Sanders went down to the study at breakfast next day.

"I am no hypocrite," he said. "Bent never loved his father, and he is because he was afraid of me. He felt that he was growing too old and that his position required a younger and more energetic man."

"I suppose you will soon know what is to take his place," said Olga.

"Yes it ought to be settled in a day or two. Business is business and we must have a general manager. In a few days you shall hear all the news. Perhaps for this year for wedding gown and trousseau too, if you find a suitable husband. But no Bent Birk, I tell you right now."

He nodded good-bye and went down to the works.

The days passed and Bent had been buried. John Sanders had just returned from the funeral and had gone upstairs to change his clothes.

One Olga and Bent were sitting at the cozy fireplace in the living room.

There was a knock at the door and Bent entered nervously and asked for Mr. Sanders.

Olga was quite scared and told him that her father was upstairs.

"But what has happened Bent?"

"I must see him at once. I must say what I want to say before he goes."

Go and call your father Olga," said Mrs. Sanders. "He is waiting downstairs. Is there anything wrong?"

"Everything is wrong. The whole thing is impossible. I don't want him to hear about it from me first."

"I don't understand a word of what you are talking about. Try to get clear about it before you go down."

Olga returned followed by her father and Bent went straight up to his room. Mr. Sanders followed him.

"I have been a fool. Until now I have always acted like one in your presence because I knew you disliked me. Perhaps everything would have been better if I had been less self-conscious. I love Olga, and she loves me, as I am sure you know."

Something very strange has happened, something which is very difficult for me to tell you, though I am sure you will blame me. Olga has offered me the position as general manager of the works."

John Sanders stood as if he had turned into a stone, his face was ashen and Olga burst into tears.

"I don't intend to accept the offer," Mr. Sanders said. "I know Olga would not like me to do it."

Olga took his hands. You must not spoil father's chances. But you are quite sure father will get the position if you refuse it?"

Bent was silent a moment, then he said: "No Olga. He will not get it. He will be asked to resign."

West for Mr. Ottel wants a young man and he thinks Mr. Sanders is too old.

"Too old!" John Sanders dropped into a chair and hid his face in his hands.

The young people left the room. Mr. Sanders sat down on the bed, his head in his hands and his grey hair.

"Robert West," he groaned.

"No Robert West, but Bent Birk, your son-in-law."

John Sanders finds that the old familiar work suits him very well, and Bent is a very lenient boss, but there is a Bent Junior now who is not the least bit scared of John Sanders, and his grandfather declared that he is the brightest baby ever born.

ABE MARTIN



After a conference this mornin' between Labe Bent and his wife 't' paper-hanger was dismissed 't' they decided 't' live t'gether agin. Money talks an' that's th' reason so many o' us git drowned out o' th' conversation.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1909.

W. G. Wals left this morning for Denver.

Prof. G. P. Putnam went up to Clouderott today.

K. F. Campbell left over the Santa Fe today for Chicago.

Walter McDonald, the G. E. helper, left this morning, over the T. & P.

A concert will be given tomorrow evening by Prof. Concha's orchestra, at the park.

Col. Anson Mills and sister left for Washington, D. C. this morning over the Santa Fe.

H. P. Noake and wife and W. H. Tuttle left this morning to spend Sunday in Clouderott.

Mrs. A. Reed left this afternoon over the Santa Fe to spend the summer in San Bernardino, Calif.

Master mechanic Herbert of the G. H. went to Valentine, Texas, yesterday.

There is a large force of men working at the G. H. washout, but the conditions are very bad.

Work on the temporary structure which is to serve as the Mexican Central depot is progressing rapidly.

According to Captain Sullivan, of the El Paso baseball team, the railroad team will play the El Paso team this Sunday.

Murphy and Webber will constitute the battery firm of El Paso.

The crusade against the doctors who have not paid their poll tax still continues. This morning Doctor Charles Coleman, Benson was visited by constable Henry Gray, and asked to settle up.

The cornerstone of the Mt. Sinai temple being erected at the corner of Oregon and Boulevard, will be laid Tuesday afternoon. The Masons will lay the stone in accordance with the Masonic rite.

When the city council met last night only five aldermen answered. In addition to two reporters and the mayor, those absent were Messrs. McMurphy, Ogden and Burton. The clerk presented a report of the city street improvements recommended that sidewalks be put in, to lead from San Antonio street to the new second ward school building. The clerk presented a petition from C. D. McClintock asking that he be appointed superintendent of the garbage box which he had received, and asked the aldermen to inspect H. Mr. Whitmore said a horse team was getting \$50 a month to clean up garbage.

BORDERLAND ROUTE BAD.
JUST WEST OF CANUTILLO.

The Borderland highway just west of Canutillo is almost impassable at present. The road is a narrow strip of dirt, and the heavy trucks are unable to pass. The road is in a state of disrepair, and the drivers are forced to take a detour through the brush and deep sand for a distance of more than a mile, and then to take a detour through the brush and deep sand for a distance of more than a mile, and then to take a detour through the brush and deep sand for a distance of more than a mile.

GOOPS
By GELETT BURGESS



He came to convert the Indians but found more promising material among the English."

Methodist manner and went forth to preach in the fields and streets.

From time Wesley's eloquence was irresistible and he converted masses of the heathen.

His church grew rapidly in spite of great opposition. Wesley found men all his life and learned to look at a seeming multitude, armed with bricks, in the eyes with more calmness than the modern candidate can face three voters armed with a request for an appointment.

Wesley lived to a great old age, and before he died in 1871, he bequeathed the Methodist church to the membership by appointing 100 pastors to look after its affairs.

John Wesley was greatly beloved and is still glorified. But some attention should be paid to his patient father, Samuel, who brought up nearly a score of children on a rectory's salary so carefully that three of them became famous ministers and hymnwriters and none of them smoked cigars. (Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.)

BRYAN SIGNS ARBITRATION TREATY WITH NORWAY.

Washington, D. C. June 14.—Secretary Bryan and Norwegian minister Bryn today signed a treaty extending for another term of five years the special arbitration treaty between the United States and Norway, which will expire by limitation on June 24. This makes 15 such treaties now before the senate for ratification.

The Warmed Over Joys

Pleasures of the Past Can Be Warmed Over Just Like Food and Enjoyed Again.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

THE woman who has been taught by necessity to make both a virtue and an art of economy will take what was left from one meal and make of it an appetizing dish for the next, often a more pleasing dainty than it was once its first appearance.

This is an art that adds to the material prosperity, and that should be extended to include within its scope the memory of the past. The joy of the past is a joy which is not lost, and does not last long, unless happiness is stored up.

The Greatest Virtue.
It is not enough to make an old meal into a new one, but to make a residue of yesterday's dinner into a dinner for today; one must be able to make of yesterday's happy events food for the memory of today. That is the greatest of all economic virtues, and the one we most need.

Ed. Higgins, a man who could recall an event of 20, 30 or 40 years before and laugh heartily over the memory of it, is a man who has the greatest of all virtues, the joy of the past.

There are many things that have happened to her, filling her mind so full of incidents that she cannot remember them all. She attended as a girl, and which had been spoiled by rain, were pushed out of the room by the rain. The pleasure was upset in the lemonade, or some one sat in the potato salad, little things which when one thinks of them today, still retain their mirth-inspiring powers.

If there was no joy for today she had always yesterday's joys to warm over.

But one must begin, said this wise woman. "When one is young, for it is then the sun shines warmest and bright. Just tell the dear young girls to remember all that is pleasant and forget all that is disagreeable. Tell them to economize on their pleasures, and throw away all that hurts and rankles."

Hard Times Ahead.
There are many things ahead for them, and I don't mean the hard times that affect the pocketbook, for while they are hard they are the easiest of all to overcome. I mean the times that try hope and faith and courage; the kinds of trouble that come to the rich and the poor alike, and that make one's life a barefoot and broken hearted woman in their trail.

If they should be able to turn to their mental storerooms and find a lot of happy memories stored there to be brought out and used to warm over today's troubles, they must store them away. They won't find anything in memory to smile about if they are not storing them away.

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Islands Need Skilled Men

Schools of the Philippines Have Been Backward With In-Industrial Training.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

WASHINGTON, D. C. June 17.—Private schools and colleges in the Philippines have had very little in common with the public schools until recently. In fact, they have been antagonistic to the cause of free learning for the people. They still are so to a great degree, and doubtless would continue to be but for